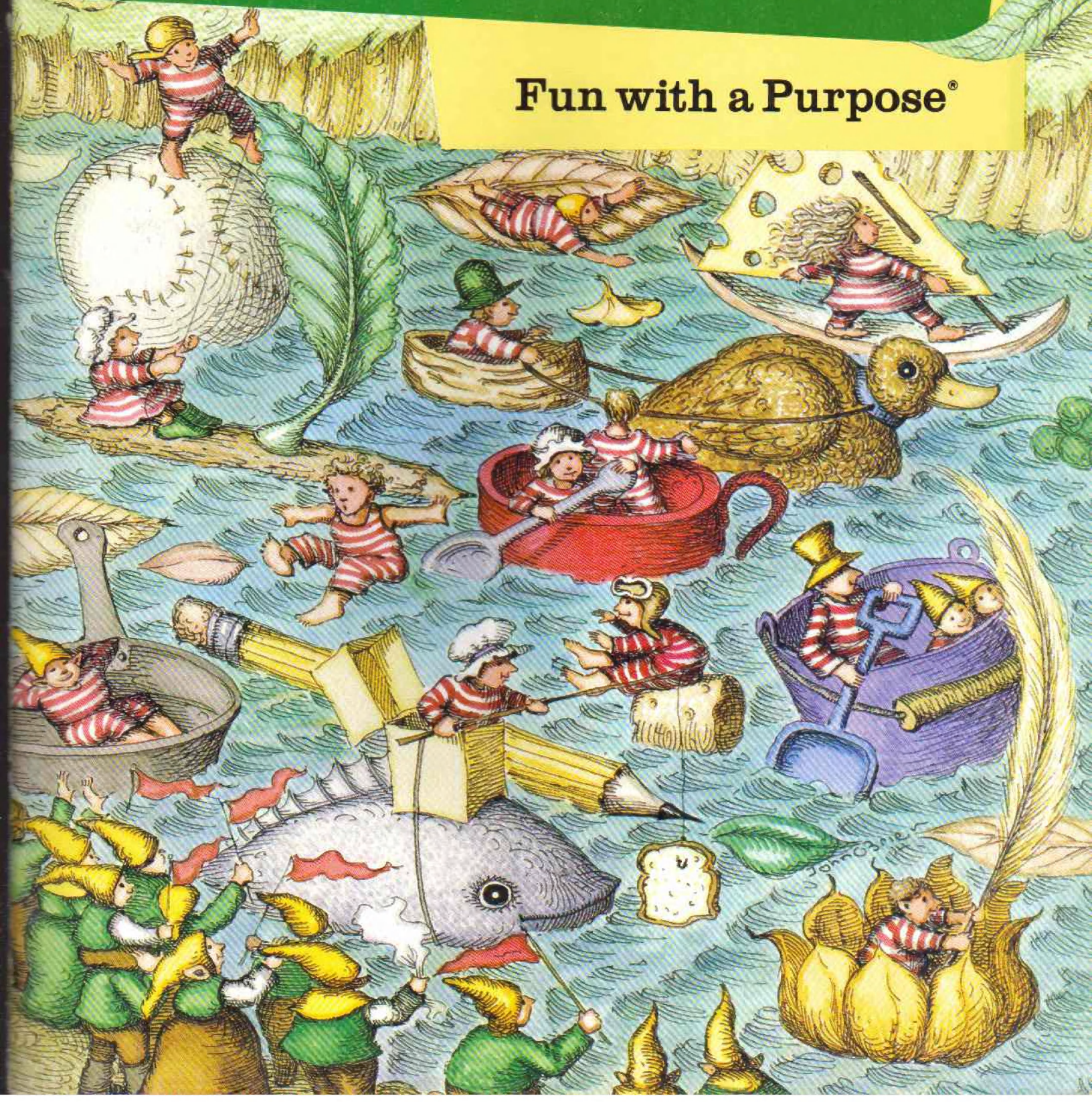


Highlights[®]

MARCH 1992

for Children

Fun with a Purpose[®]



Highlights for Children

Including CHILDREN'S ACTIVITIES®

MARCH 1992 • VOLUME 47 • NUMBER 3 • ISSUE NO. 487
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This book of wholesome fun is dedicated to helping children
grow—in basic skills and knowledge—in creativeness—
in ability to think and reason—in sensitivity to others
—in high ideals—and worthy ways of living
—for CHILDREN are the world's most important people.

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From the Editor

I like orangutans.

Reaching back into my childhood
memories, I recall being fascinated by
them, especially by their name.

Jessie Wee's piece, "Teaching Orang-
utans to Live in the Wild" (pages 22 and
23), rekindled my interest. More
important, her article is evidence that
people all over the world are working to
preserve animals in their wild state.

Everywhere people—adults and
youngsters—are dedicated to protecting
species threatened by the human use
of more and more of the resources
all creatures must share. Worldwide,
naturalists are trying to discover the
tricky balance between having enough
places for wild animals and adequate
resources for the human family.

HIGHLIGHTS articles frequently offer
close-ups of animals in their natural
habitats. We want to give our readers
the feeling they are there with the ani-
mals, observing how they live. We took a
look at mustangs in the February issue.
In future issues we'll have articles about
rhinoceroses, birds, and hermit crabs.

Learning more about wild creatures
and how human beings change their
environment helps make us all more
sensitive to our relationship with nature.

Kent L. Brown Jr.
Editor


Find the Pictures

Can you find each of these pictures
at another place in this book?



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The Stringless Harp

By Jane K. Priewe

Sean O'Brien sat on the steps outside his house and watched as a thick mist crept from the distant peat bog. Mum had gone into Glenkenny that morning to trade cabbages for flour and tea, while he stayed home to dig potatoes. Sean hoped she would be able to trade the cabbages quickly, because he hated to be alone during the smothering, scary, peat bog mists.

Sean shivered as gusts of wind blew the swirling mist toward him. As he watched, the first coiling tentacles bounced against the sod wall.

Suddenly a voice came from the mist. "Sure and I haven't seen a sign of a horse since we left the bog, Paddy."

"Nor have I, Kevin. There'll be no party to celebrate tomorrow if we can't play the harp. What a sad St. Patrick's Day it will be!"

Sean heard a woeful sigh. He turned to find two small, green-clad men, half-hidden in the swirling mist. Sean stood and moved closer to them, and they clutched each other.

"Why it's only a laddie." The little man who spoke carried a

harp with no strings. "Would you be having a horse, boy-o?"

Sean nodded. "We do, but my mum drove it to town. Why do you need a horse?"

"You see, lad, we live in the peat bog, but so does a wicked troll, and last night he ripped all the strings off our harp! Isn't that right, Paddy?"

Paddy bobbed his head in agreement. "Every single one! Then the wicked fellow tied the strings in knots, cut them into giblets, and left them in a pile by our doorway!"

"That *was* a mean thing to do," Sean said, and the little men sighed louder.

"He does mean things to us *all* the time," said Paddy.

"That he does," said Kevin. "Worst of all, he tries to steal our pot of gold! Trolls are the worst!"

Sean gasped. "A pot of gold! You must be leprechauns!"

Kevin snickered. "Sure and you wouldn't be thinking we're trolls, I hope."

Sean wondered if he should pinch himself to make sure the men were real, but he was afraid he would make them disappear.

"There are no strings to pluck since the troll did his mischief."



"Maybe I can help you solve your problem," he said. "What's this about a horse?"

Paddy sat on the step and pulled Sean down beside him. "What we're looking for are long hairs from a horse's tail, boy-o."

Kevin sat on the other side of Sean and held up the harp. "We have to restring our harp. Y'see, laddie, there are no strings to pluck since the wicked troll did his mischief."

Sean felt as sad as the little men looked. "I don't have horse hair, but I can give you plenty of string."

"Wouldn't work at all, boy-o," Paddy said.

"Thin wire!" Sean exclaimed. "I'll bet *that* would work!"

"No good, either," Kevin said, shaking his head. "It cuts my fingers."

"A rubber band?" Sean suggested. "It would stretch nice and tight."

"You poor misguided lad." Paddy patted Sean's arm. "We leprechauns are known for *sweet* music, not sour. Don't you know that rubber bands twang?"

"How that wicked troll would laugh if our harp twanged!" Kevin whined. "Especially on St. Pat's Day!"

Sean put an arm around each leprechaun's shoulder and pondered their problem. Finally an idea dawned, and he leaped to his feet.

"What's wrong, lad?" Kevin asked.

"Nothing's wrong. I'll be back in a minute." He hurried inside and returned with his mother's hairbrush.

"What have ye there?" Paddy asked, leaning forward. Sean



carefully untangled long strings of sparkly, blond hair from the bristles.

"How about this instead of horse hair?" He handed a strand to each man. "It's finer than horse hair, but . . ."

"Beautiful!" Paddy shouted.

"Perfect!" Kevin pulled Paddy to his feet, and they leaped and danced, causing the swirling mist to twist and coil as though it were happy, too.

In a few minutes they settled down to repair the harp. Sean pulled every hair from the brush. Paddy carefully wound them around a smooth stone. Kevin restrung the harp with shining strands of yellow hair.

When they had finished, Kevin plucked a tune while Paddy sang along in a clear, high voice. Sean

knew he'd never heard such sweet music.

Kevin strummed a final chord. "Tomorrow will be a lucky St. Pat's Day for us, Paddy!"

"That it will, Kevin." Paddy's smile sparkled bright as the River Shannon on a sunny day. "That wicked troll will be angry to learn that by stealing our strings, he did us a kindness!"

Kevin snickered. "We must be sure he hears our music tomorrow, and knows that from now on leprechauns will use nothing but yellow hair from a colleen's head to make the sweetest music in Ireland."

Early the next morning Sean awoke to soft, twinkling music from the peat bog. He smiled and stretched, and hoped the wicked troll was listening, too.





PEOPLE

Some people talk and talk
and never say a thing.
Some people look at you
and birds begin to sing.

Some people laugh and laugh
and yet you want to cry.
Some people touch your hand
and music fills the sky.

—Charlotte Zolotow

Melanie Hall

Going Blind

My great-grandma is going blind. She can't see color and can hardly see large-print books. Is there anything special I can do?

Emily T., Oklahoma

I'm glad to hear that you want to help her, Emily. I think the best thing you could do is to ask your great-grandma herself what you could do to help. She will probably have some suggestions of things that she needs or would like.

You could mention a few ideas to her. Perhaps she'd enjoy having you read to her or describe what kind of day it is. She may even need you to write a letter for her.

You might also ask one of your parents or grandparents for ideas on things to do.

Saving Money

How can I save money? When I have some, I spend it on toys and other things that I don't need.

Xavier S., Florida

Many people have trouble saving money. It always seems to be easier to spend for something you can have today than to save for something in the future.

You might try deciding how much of your allowance or earnings you want to save each week. Then, as soon as you get your money, put that amount in a

To the Editor

piggy bank or special envelope. You can spend the rest of the money, but not the portion you put aside.

Even if you put aside only a little bit each week, it will soon begin to add up.

Trouble with Math

Math is one of the subjects I have trouble with. I have been studying math since first grade, but I still have trouble in it.

Nicky B., New York

You aren't alone. Math is a subject that gives many people trouble.

Why not start by having a talk with your teacher and your parents? Explain that you would like to do better. Tell your teacher what it is that is difficult for you and ask for extra help. Ask your parents to help you practice at home, too. Perhaps your teacher could give you some extra practice sheets or your parents could make up some problems for you to work on.

It's good that you are concerned

about math. If you work hard now to overcome your problems, you'll learn good study habits and you'll know the basics. You'll be less likely to have difficulty with math in later years.

Frizzy Perm

I just got a perm, and it's awful. It all frizzed out. My mom won't let me wash it out because it cost so much. What should I do now?

Katie P., Pennsylvania

Sometimes hair permanents are frizzy when you first get them, but then they settle down after a while. If yours doesn't, ask your mom for some ideas on what you could do to make it look better until it grows out. She might let you ask the hairdresser who did your perm for some ideas, too.

Even though you may be upset about your perm now, try to remember that other people (and maybe even you) will get used to it very quickly. I know it matters to you how your hair looks, but it probably doesn't matter that much to your friends.

When you write to us, we like to know who you are. Please include your name, age, and full address (street and number, city or town, state or province, and Zip Code). Mail to:

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THE BOAT PEOPLE OF CAIRO

By Elsa Marston

"Itfaddal!" call the fisherfolk. "Welcome! Join us!"



I stood on our apartment balcony high over the Nile River and watched two boys wading in the shallow waters below. They seemed to be searching for something. What could it be? Curious, I went down.

I knew very little Arabic, and these Egyptian boys knew no English. But we managed to understand each other. They told me they were looking for shellfish to use as bait.

These "boat people" earn their living from the river. Their brightly painted, wooden fishing boats are a little larger than rowboats. The back part, which tapers to a width of about twenty inches, is a little deck.

The fishermen use nets rather than lines. One person rows slowly in a large oval while another,

often a boy, stands on the deck of the boat and carefully lets out a long strip of net into the water. Then the rower reverses direction, and the boy pulls the net back in.

Sometimes the boy beats rhythmically on the deck with two wooden blocks. Sound waves go through the water and attract the fish to the boat. At night this hollow tapping can sound spooky!

How many fish do the fishermen catch? In the early morning, fish are fairly plentiful. Later, each casting of the net brings in only three or four small fish.

If you want to buy, you call from the bank: "Has God given you fish today?" You shouldn't ask fishermen if they have caught any fish, for

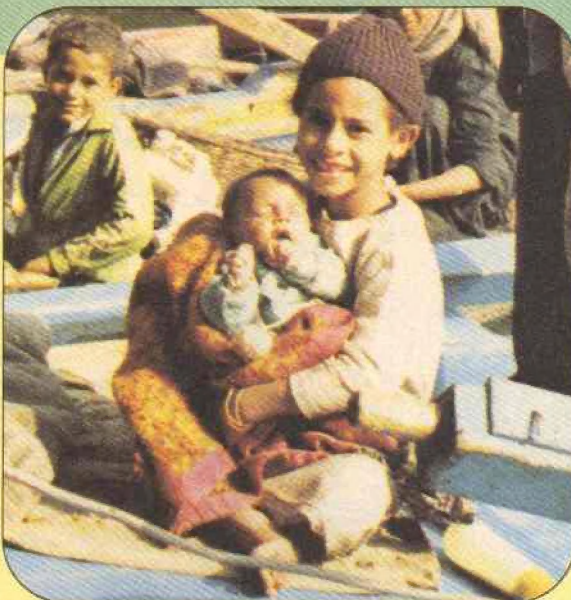
they believe that would bring them bad luck. As Muslims, like the majority of Egyptians, they give God credit for whatever is good.

The amazing thing about the fisherfolk is that whole families live on these little boats. There may be forty to fifty families living on the river in the middle of Cairo, a city of eleven million. In recent years, more poor families have chosen to live this way, because there is a shortage of housing, and business is good. People in Cairo are now eating more river fish, as well as fish from the Mediterranean Sea and the Red Sea.

Like most of the people of Egypt, the fishermen wear ankle-length gowns called *gallabiya*, but they find shorts more practical for fishing. The women's dresses are long and black, or brightly flowered. Children dress as their parents do.

The fisherfolk are friendly. If you pass a spot where they have pulled their boats up on the shore or are clustered together in some reeds, they may wave to you. "*Itfaddal!*" they'll call in Arabic. This means "Welcome, join us." If you do, you'll probably be offered a little glass of tea, heated over a small stove. While the women cook some of the day's fish, the men puff on an oriental pipe—a brass contraption with a long tube for the mouthpiece. The children, fascinated by visitors, will offer you the tiniest baby to hold.

Large families of seven or eight children are not uncommon. The oldest children may be sent to live with relatives in villages so they can attend school for a few years. Toddlers go out in the boats with their mother and sit at her feet as she rows. What happens if a tiny child falls into the river? "Why," you'll be told, as if it were the most natural thing in the world, "the mother pulls him out."

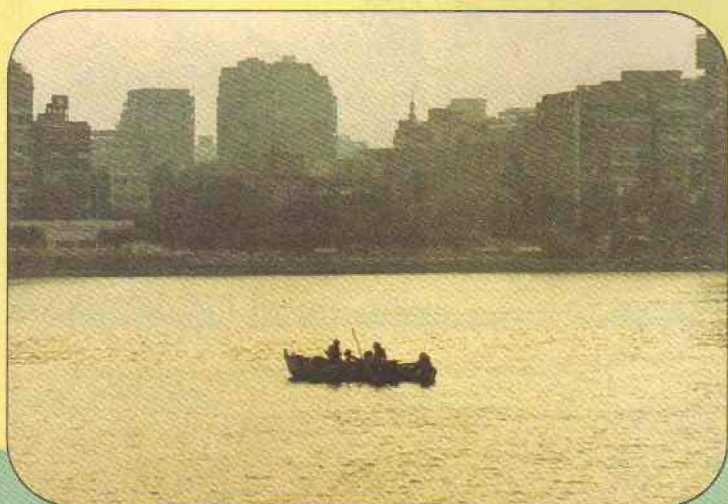


The children will offer visitors the tiniest baby to hold.

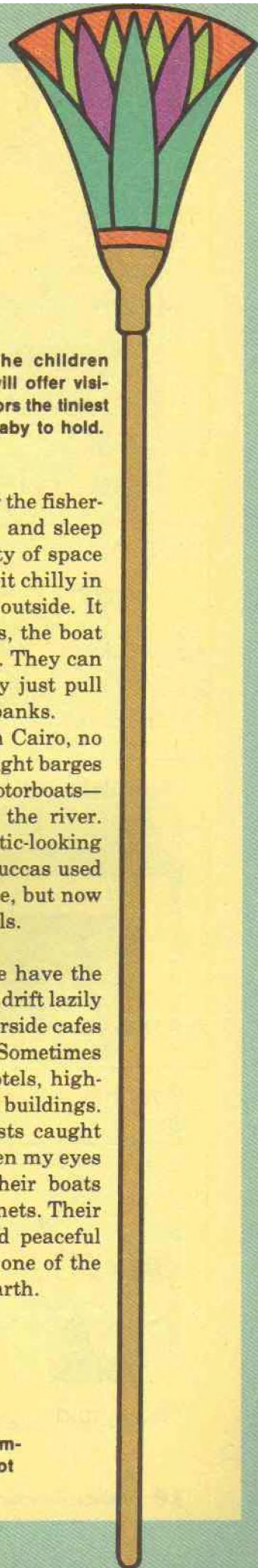
Living is simple and inexpensive for the fisherfolk. Although they cook, wash, eat, and sleep in their small boats, they enjoy plenty of space and fresh air. The weather can be a bit chilly in winter but it's not too cold to stay outside. It almost never rains, and when it does, the boat people seek shelter under the bridges. They can come ashore anytime they like. They just pull their boats up on the pebbly riverbanks.

Today the Nile, as it flows through Cairo, no longer has many boats. Sometimes freight barges chug by. "Nile taxis"—long, covered motorboats—carry people between points along the river. There are still some *feluccas*, romantic-looking boats with large triangular sails. Feluccas used to carry heavy loads of building stone, but now they are used only for pleasure sails.

Most of the time the boat people have the river to themselves. Their boats drift lazily on the olive-green waters, passing riverside cafes and plant nurseries full of greenery. Sometimes they rest in the shadows of huge hotels, high-rise apartments, and tall government buildings. From my balcony I watched motorists caught in traffic jams on Cairo's bridges. Then my eyes shifted to the fishermen in their boats below, calmly letting out their nets. Their lives on the Nile River seemed peaceful compared to the rest of Cairo, one of the most overcrowded cities on earth.

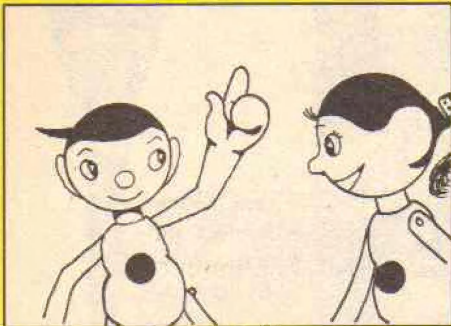


On weekends Egyptians sail down the Nile for a day's outing. Once in a while there is a long-distance swimming race. For a big river, that is not much traffic.

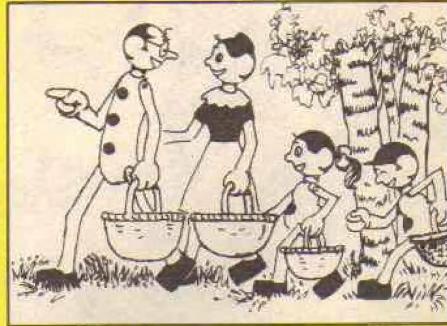


THE TIMBERTOES

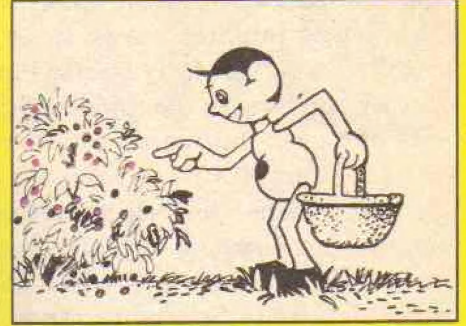
By Sidney Quinn



"Let's pick berries."



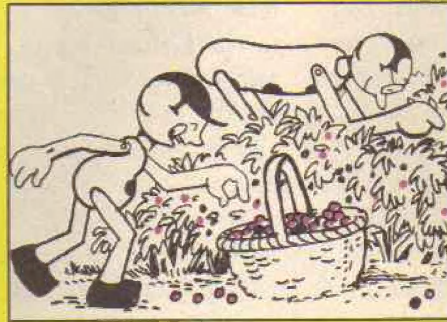
Everybody has a basket.



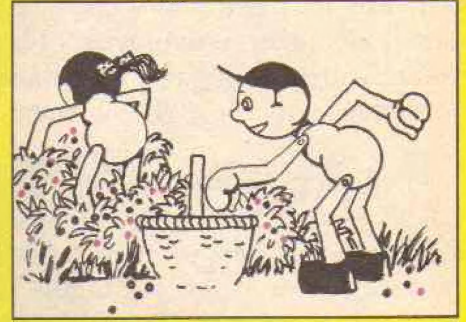
"Here's a berry patch."



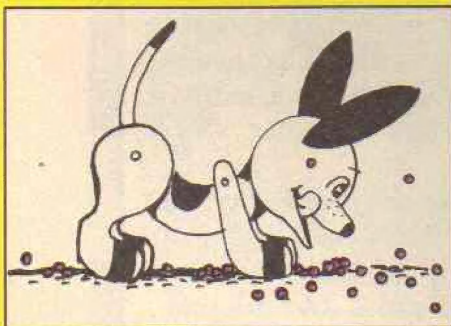
Ma picks a basketful.



Pa picks berries, too.



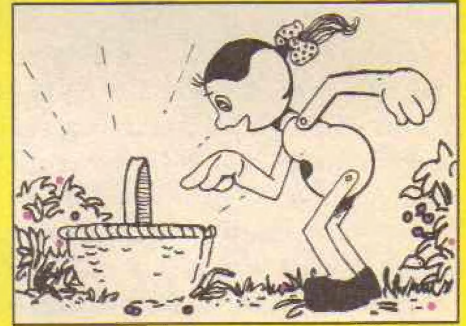
Mabel fills her basket.



Spot has a berry snack.



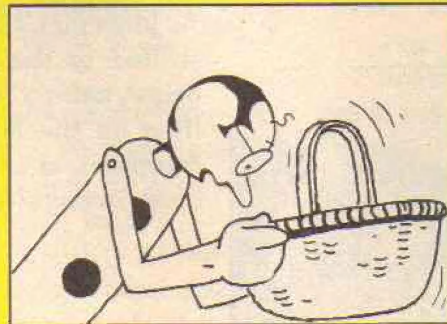
"Time to head for home."



"But my basket is empty!"



"So is mine!" says Ma.



"Mine, too!" says Pa.



Who ate all the berries?

What Questions Might Bring These Answers?

- "I'll have a bowl of oatmeal and a glass of milk, please."
- "I came in third out of seventy runners."
- "Because your sister is sleeping."
- "I fell from a tree I was climbing."
- "After you take out the garbage."
- "Quarter after nine."
- "I'm sorry. She can't come to the phone right now. May I take a message?"
- "Nine. I'll be ten in June."
- "No, I'd like you to have it."
- "Corn muffins. Would you like one when they've cooled?"
- "Until Sunday. Then we have to head home so Grandma can be at work Monday morning."




Boy: How can you stay up there going round and round the Earth? Why don't you drift away?

Moon: I am always trying to drift away, but I can't. I am held in my path around the Earth by the force of gravity. That's the same force that acts on your body to keep your feet firmly on the ground.

Matching Look at each object on the left. Find one like it on the right.





Balloon Sculpture

By Tom and Merianne Myers

You may have seen someone twist a long, skinny balloon into the shape of an animal. Making balloons into shapes is called balloon sculpture. By making twists in a balloon, you can create a variety of different animals. It's fun and easy.

Like all art forms, balloon sculpture takes a bit of practice. You will probably pop a few balloons along the way. Don't worry. The more you practice, the fewer balloons you will pop.

You Will Need

- long, skinny balloons
- pump (optional)

You can probably find the balloons at a supermarket or variety

store. They usually have pictures of balloon animals on the bag. You can also find them at a magic or party supply store. Ask for "twistie" or "animal" balloons.

Balloon Tips

Animal balloons can be tough to blow up because of their shape. We suggest you use a pump. A bicycle pump, pump for air mats, or sports ball pump will work.

- It's best to do this activity with adult supervision. Balloons can be dangerous if inhaled, so do not put them in your mouth. Keep balloons

and scraps from popped balloons away from younger brothers and sisters.

- Before you blow up the balloon, stretch it a few times, just like a rubber band. This makes the rubber a little weaker, and easier to inflate.
- Do not fill the balloon all the way. The end of the balloon that is not blown up is called the tail.
- Tie a knot in the neck.

You can make balloon animals!

How To Do It

Let's make a dog. Once you learn the twists, you can make different animals with them by using different lengths of blown-up balloon.

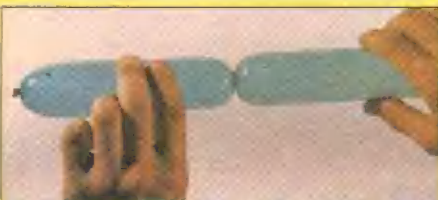
Vary the size of the bubbles you twist to give your balloon animals different sizes of necks, noses, ears, tails, etc.



1. To make a dog, blow the balloon up, leaving about a three-inch tail. Knot the open end.



2. The first bubble will become your dog's nose and one ear. To make it, squeeze the balloon about six inches in from the knotted end with the fingertips of one hand. Twist one part of the balloon three or four times with your other hand.



3. Your long, skinny balloon is now divided into two bubbles—a long one and a short one.



4. To finish the head, fold the short bubble over so it is lying next to the long one.



5. Squeeze the balloon bubbles together, and twist them in the middle.



6. Your dog now has a nose and two ears! You have also learned everything you need to know to finish the little guy.



7. The next bubble should be long enough to be your dog's neck and one front leg. Make the twist for this bubble.



8. Fold the bubble back against the rest of the balloon.



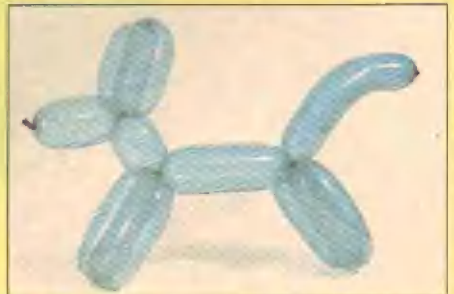
9. Give it a twist, and your dog has legs!



10. The next bubble will be your dog's body. Twist it. Then fold it over.



11. Twist again to make the legs and a tail.



12. Congratulations! You've made a dog—one that won't chew up your favorite sneakers.

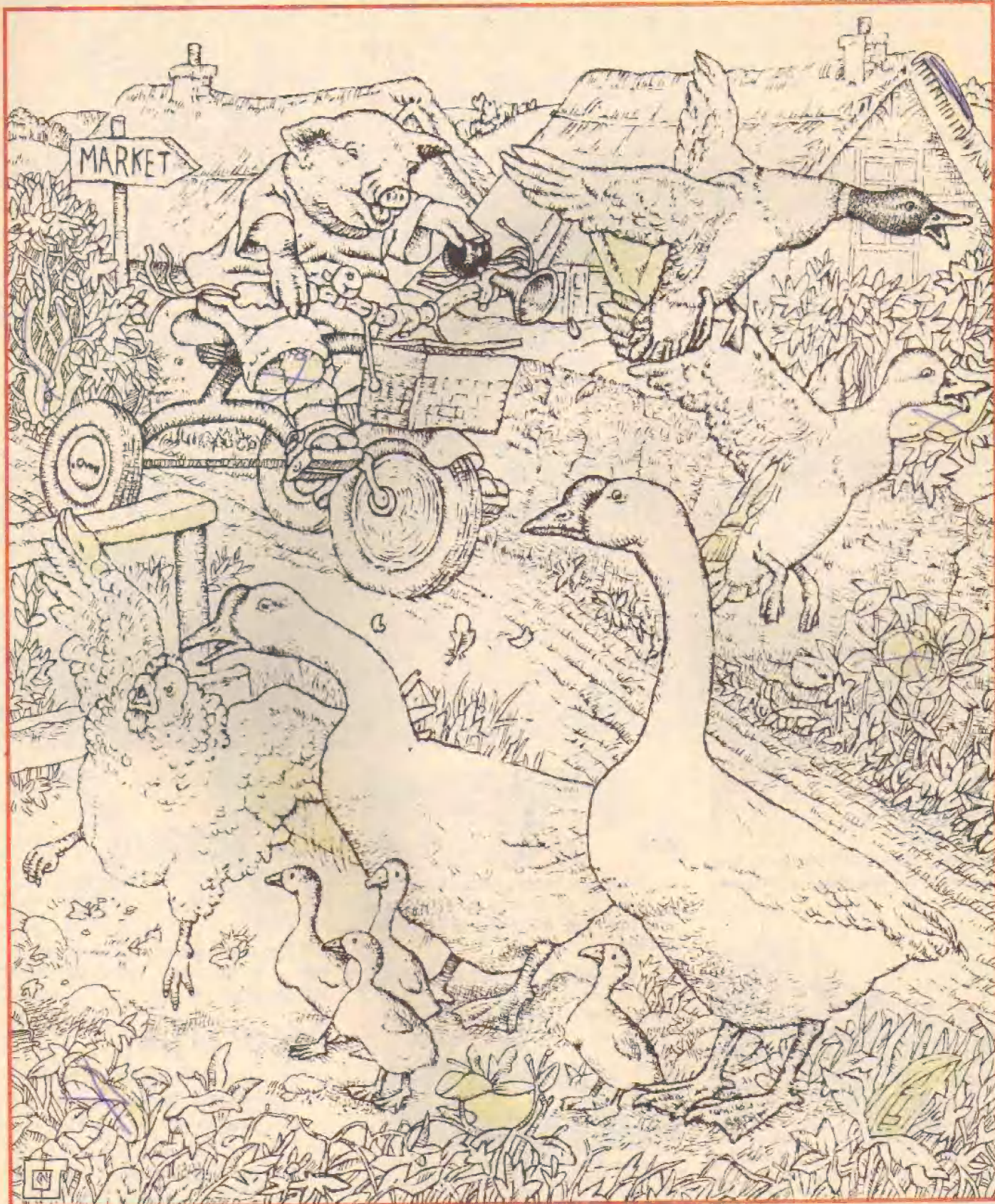
More Tips

Let your imagination design your balloon animals.

- Vary the length of the bubbles you twist.
- Use markers to draw eyes, a mouth, spots, or stripes.

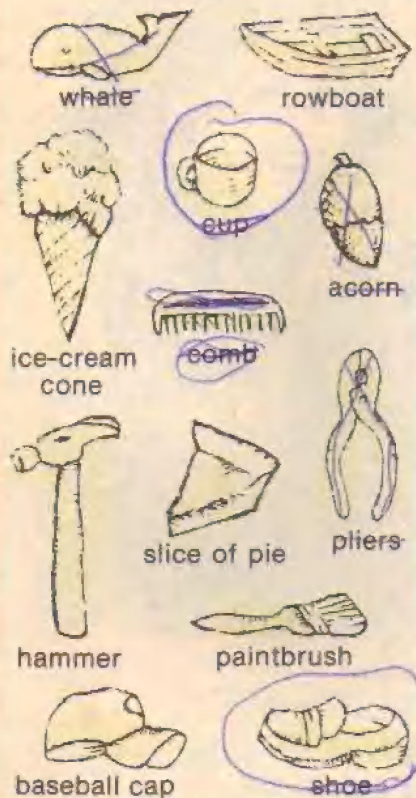
Hidden Pictures

This Little Piggy Went to Market



In this big picture find the ice-cream cone, slice of pie, whale, shoe, comb, hammer, cup, pliers, baseball cap, paintbrush, rowboat, and acorn.

Can you find these
Hidden Pictures
on page 14?



Getting Ready to Read

Look at each picture in the first group. Say the word beside it. Find the same picture in the second group, and say the word beside it. Now find the word in the third group.



The Tooth of the Matter



Lay out nine toothpicks on a table as shown. How can you make the equation true without changing the position of any of the toothpicks?

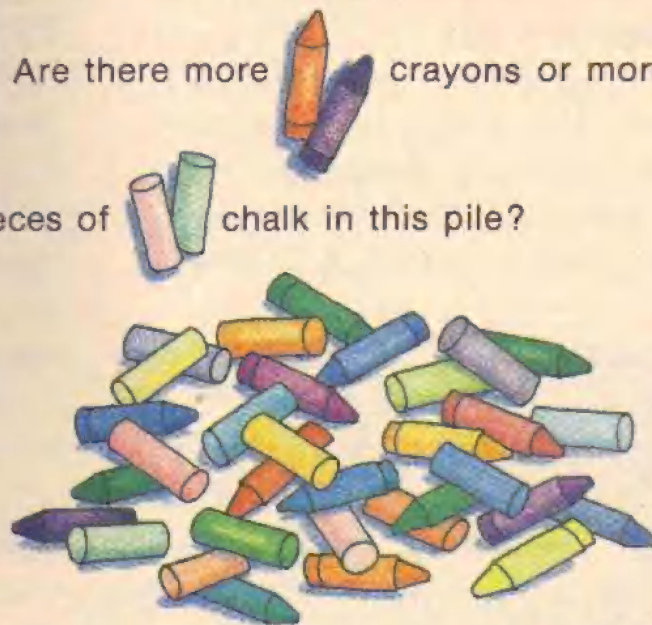
How can you make it true by changing the position of only one toothpick?

Answers on page 42.

More or Less

Are there more crayons or more

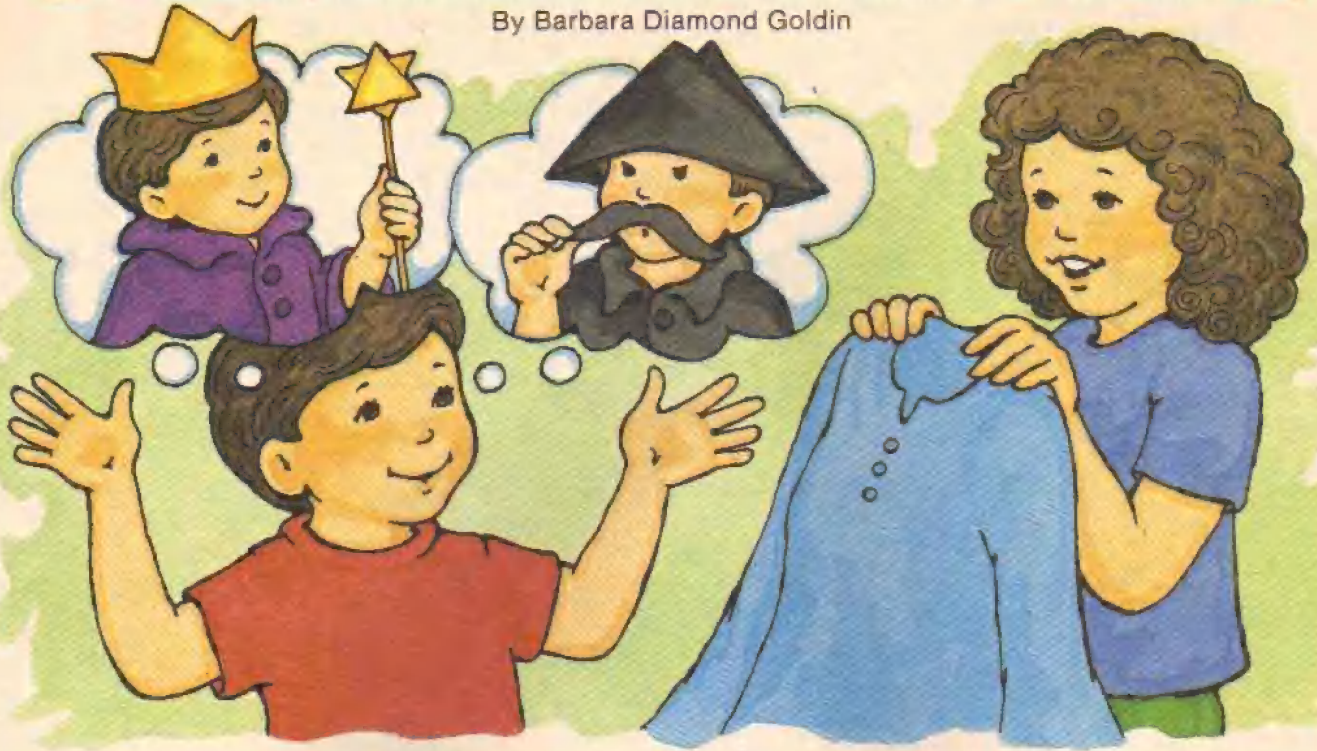
pieces of chalk in this pile?



Answer on page 42.

Brave Like Mordecai

By Barbara Diamond Goldin



“What’s that?” Benjy asked his big sister.

“My costume, silly,” Iris answered, holding a long, blue dress up under her chin. “Don’t you know it’s Purim tonight? Now, leave me alone. I have to find my crown.”

“Crown?”

“Uh-huh. I’m going to be Esther, the brave queen who risked her life to save her people. Whenever the rabbi reads her name on Purim, everyone claps.”

“I’m brave,” said Benjy. “I’ll be Esther, too.”

“Oh no, you don’t. You can’t copy me. Let’s see. How about being King Ahasuerus? Then you could wear a crown, too.”

Benjy smiled and waved his arms.

“I’ll be the brave king.”

“Uh-oh,” muttered Iris. “Sorry Benjy. This king wasn’t brave, and he wasn’t very wise either. He always asked everybody else what he should do.”

Benjy sat down and pouted. “Then I’ll be Esther like you.”

“Wait a minute. How about Haman? You could be the king’s prime minister. The wicked Haman who tried to kill all the Jews. We could make you a three-cornered black hat and a black moustache. You could wear Dad’s black pajamas.”

“Will everyone clap when the rabbi reads my name?” Benjy asked.

“Are you kidding? Everyone boos at Haman. They stamp their feet, and they shake their noisemakers, their *graggers*. You could be the bad guy.”

It's Purim, and Benjy wants to dress up as someone special.

"No. I'm brave."

"Then how about Mordecai, Esther's cousin?" Iris said. "He helped Esther save the Jews from the mean Haman. Everyone claps when the rabbi says Mordecai's name."

"Good. I'll be Mordecai."

"And I'll call you Cousin," said Iris.



"What do I wear?" asked Benjy.

"How about Dad's brown bathrobe and the beard he wore last Purim?"

Iris helped Benjy get into his costume. Then she got into hers. "Let's go find Mama, Cousin," she said.

"What strangers do I have here?" Mama said when she saw Iris and Benjy.

"We're Esther and Mordecai," said Iris.

"We're brave," muttered Benjy through his beard.

"I'm glad you're ready," Mama said. "Benjy, will you take the Purim gifts, the *shalach manot*, to Mrs. Abrams

next door? We have to deliver them early, since she will be at her son's house for Purim."

"Can I peek?" he asked.

"Just a peek. No bites."

"How come I don't get any *shalach manot*?" Benjy complained.

"You'll get plenty later," Mama said. "By the time you get home, dinner will be ready and Dad will be here. Then we'll go hear the rabbi read the Megillah, the story of Esther."

"Will everyone clap for me and Iris?"

"You bet."

Benjy took the plate with the green cloth on top. He peeked and saw a stack of *hamantaschen*, those three-cornered cakes Mama filled with raspberry jam.

"Just one?" Benjy begged.

"Benjy, they're for Mrs. Abrams," Mama insisted. "You wouldn't eat her present, would you? Mordecai wouldn't do that."

Benjy trudged off to Mrs. Abrams's house. Mrs. Abrams answered the door.

"Well, who is this?" Mrs. Abrams

Continued on next page





Continued from page 17

said. She took the plate of *shalach manot*. "A distinguished visitor. A king perhaps? Maybe Ahasuerus?"

"No crown," Benjy said.

"Then you must be Haman."

"No. Haman's too mean. He wouldn't bring you *shalach manot*."

"You can't be Queen Esther."

"No." Benjy laughed and pointed to his long, brown beard.

"Then you must be Mordecai!"

"Right!" Benjy shouted.

"Oh, such a brave man. For such a man as Mordecai I have a special treat. Here's a plate of goodies for your family. And a plate just for you."

Benjy clapped his hands in delight. A plate of cookies all his own!

"I like you, Mrs. Abrams."

"I like you too, Mordecai."

"I'm really Benjy."

"Little Benjy from next door? I don't believe it."

Benjy took his sticky beard off.

"See?"

"You make a handsome Mordecai."

"And you make a yummy cookie," said Benjy, taking a bite of Mrs. Abrams's double chocolate chip.



Purim

Purim is a joyous holiday for Jewish people. It is celebrated in February or March, on the fourteenth day of the month of Adar according to the Hebrew calendar. People celebrate by dressing in costume, exchanging gifts, and going to the temple in the evening to hear the Megillah—the story told in the Book of Esther in the Bible. It tells how Haman, the cruel, proud chief minister of King Ahasuerus,

became angry when Mordecai, a Jew, refused to bow to him. Haman persuaded the king to have all the Jews in the land killed. Queen Esther, the beloved Jewish wife of Ahasuerus, learned of the plan from Mordecai. She risked her life by going to the King uninvited and begging him to change his mind. By her efforts, the Jews were saved. Now this day is remembered with joyful songs and feasting.

Thinking

- What might be needed to fix these problems? Who could fix them?



- Which are made of wood? Of metal?
Of fabric? Of plastic?
- Why is each material suitable?
- What other materials might be used?



- Where might you see each of these dogs at work?

DANGER on the TRAIL

By Marjorie Jorgensen

"Coming with me today, Son?"

Brad Nelson shook his head without answering. He wanted to go—desperately—to be brave, and to be close to Lars Johnson, his new stepfather. But he couldn't.

Brad had never told anyone of his agonizing fear of heights. He saw the pained twist of his stepfather's lips. Then Lars mounted his horse, Diamond, and rode off in the wet and windy morning.

Brad went indoors. His mother, writing entries in a ledger, smiled at him. In this year of 1897 their kitchen housed a branch Post Office. She was the postmistress. Lars carried the mail on horseback to the settlement just beyond the Cape. Brad had never gone with him.

A dangerous half-mile of the trail rounded the high rocky headland of Windy Cape. Lars said Diamond had left patches of hair on the cliff as she pressed close to it in fear of falling into

the ocean below. One year a horse and its rider had been swept off the ledge in a storm.

Brad and his mother were eating their noon meal when Dr. Tucker hammered on the door and stepped into the kitchen.

"Mrs. Johnson, these powders need to be delivered to the doctor at the settlement today! Possibility of typhoid there."

Brad's mother looked shocked. "But Lars left a long time ago, Doctor."

"The boy will have to catch up to him then. I'd go, but Carrie's baby is overdue, and I don't dare leave her."

"No!" Brad's heart leaped in protest, and he swallowed a familiar sick feeling.

Dr. Tucker paid no attention. He laid the packet of powders and the postage on the counter and then hurried out, flinging a

thank-you over his shoulder.

"Brad, saddle Lady." His mother was hauling out his sou'wester hat and mackinaw jacket. "I'm putting the medicine in your pocket."

When she spoke with that firmness, Brad knew there was no arguing. On the road he put Lady to a gallop. Maybe he could catch Lars before he reached the Cape.

Where the wagon road curved inland, the trail to the settlement angled up through salal and huckleberry brush. Lady lunged and snorted as she leaned into the slope, scrambling on pebbles that rolled under her feet. The bushes whipped against Brad's legs in the stiff breeze.

They came out of the brush suddenly. A gust hit with fury, tearing at Brad's hat and jacket. He hauled back on Lady's reins, his heart beating a tattoo in his

Brad inched along the narrow ledge, high above the roaring Pacific....



throat. In front of him lay a narrow rock ledge barely three feet wide. Gouged out of a cliff so high, the top of the ledge was lost in misty fog and seemed to disappear as it rounded the Cape.

Brad looked down. Far below, the heaving gray swells of the Pacific seemed to pull him toward them. He dismounted in haste, his head whirling, and dropped flat on the ground.

Lady was nuzzling his hat. He didn't want to open his eyes, but he must. Something was not right. He raised his head, forcing himself to look.

Lars was sitting, unmoving, out there on the trail, at the point where it curved into nowhere!

"Father!" Brad yelled. "Here's another delivery. Can you come and get it?" The wind ripped his cry into useless shreds. "Father, I can't come out to you!" Brad cried.

But he had to. Something told him that if he didn't go to him, Lars would fall off the Windy Cape Trail. He must have the typhoid, too, Brad thought. He forced himself to stand. Grasping Lady's reins, he tethered the horse to a sturdy vine on the side of the cliff. Then, dropping to his knees, he crawled onto Windy Cape Trail.

He focused his gaze close in

front of him, willing himself not to look out or down. Foot by foot, afraid to check his slow progress, he inched forward.

At long last, woolen pants and a pair of boots came into the edge of his vision. Brad raised his eyes. Lars's face was red, his gaze fogged and uncertain. Beyond him, Diamond stood patiently.

"I'm sick," Lars whispered. "Stay back."

Brad hesitated, then said firmly, "Father, I'm going to send Diamond on to the settlement for help. OK?"

Lars nodded faintly. Brad gripped his stepfather's shoulder and cautiously stood up.

"Whoa, Diamond," he said softly. He stepped across Lars's stretched-out legs and took hold of the horse's tail, then grabbed the back of her saddle. He wrote a note on the packet of powders and slipped it into the mail pouch. Reaching forward, he secured Diamond's dragging reins.

"It's up to you, girl," Brad said, giving Diamond a soft pat. With a sigh she moved forward along the edge of the trail. The settlement was visible at the far end.

There was nothing to do but wait. Brad sat down beside his stepfather and slipped a hand comfortingly into his. Out over the ocean, the feeble sun laid a patch of light on the water.

Teaching Orangutans to Live in the Wild

By Jessie Wee

In the Malay language, "orang hutan" means "man of the forest."

Orangutans fascinate me. They are great apes like gorillas and chimpanzees. But orangutans are the only apes that live in my part of the world.

As a child, I often wondered where orangutans came from. "The forest, of course," the gardener said. "Don't you know that in the Malay language, *orang hutan* means *man of the forest*?"

Later, as an adult, I discovered that orangutans are found only in the primary lowland forests of Borneo and Sumatra. Those are two large islands of Southeast Asia. Orangutans roam the forest, usually living alone. They make nests out of twigs and small branches and sleep in the nests at night or rest in them during the day. They eat mainly fruit. When they get tired of fruit, they munch on leaves and bark.

Unfortunately, there are not as many orangutans today as there were many years ago. Due to the rapid development of towns and the increasing demand for logs, large areas of forest have been cleared. So the orangutans were

driven from their homes into the more mountainous regions, where they have trouble finding enough food. Others were killed or captured by hunters who sold them to animal traders. As a result, the orangutan population decreased until these apes were in danger of becoming extinct.

During a trip to the big island of Borneo, I visited the East Malaysian states of Sarawak and Sabah. In these two states, orangutans are protected. Anyone who is found keeping, hunting, or killing orangutans can be fined and imprisoned.

In Sabah is the world-famous Sepilok Orangutan Rehabilitation Centre, where orangutans rescued from captivity are cared for until they are able to return to their natural life in the forest. I made arrangements to visit this center.

The center is very different from a zoo. A ranger explained

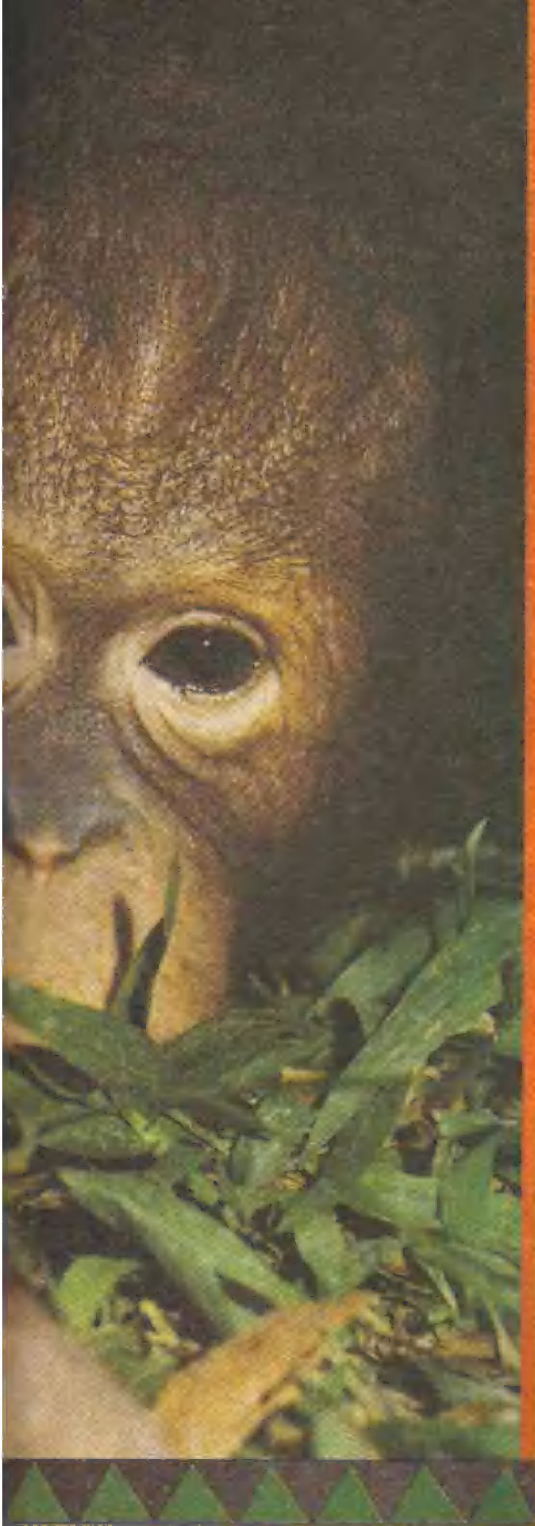
to me the work being done there. Young orangutans kept illegally as pets or orphaned baby orangutans found in logging areas are brought here after they have been checked by the veterinarian and found to be healthy. The baby orangutans are cared for and fed milk from bottles, just like human babies.

Those between one and four years old are kept in cages. They



The author, Jessie Wee





take milk from cups and are given bananas and other fruit to eat. They are cared for until they are able to manage for themselves, usually when they are about five years old.

We walked to the orangutan cage, and I watched as the young orangutans of various ages and sizes lolled about, clung to each other for comfort, or swung from bar to bar.

Just then the keeper appeared with a pail full of bananas. Some alert young orangutans rushed to the bars of the cage, hands outstretched. The keeper thrust a banana into each pink palm. One impatient youngster complained very loudly about the keeper's slow service. Another smart one reached into the pail to help himself. That led to a plunge of hairy arms into the pail.

After a frantic tug-of-war the keeper managed to get his pail back, almost empty. He called to the timid ones cowering in the background, placed a banana in each palm, and watched over them as they ate, to see that no one else snatched the banana away.

Kita, the largest in the group, was pointed out to me. He had an accident that was the talk of the town. He fell out of a tree one day and had to be rushed to the hospital in Sandakan for an x-ray. Fortunately, he suffered no broken bones, and after a period of observation was allowed to return to the center.

Many of these young orangutans have been kept in cages or chained to posts for so long that they seem to have lost the urge to climb trees and to look for their own food. They have to be trained at the center before they can return to the forest and look after themselves.

This training is done every day. The young orangutans are pushed in wheelbarrows to an exercise area in the forest several minutes' walk from the center. There they run around, swing from dangling vines, or learn to climb trees. The keepers lift them onto a tree trunk and smack their bottoms until they begin to climb. Food is placed on feeding platforms up in the trees to encourage



A young orangutan relaxes by hanging from a rope.



Orangutans are found in the forests of Borneo and Sumatra.

the young orangutans to climb up for it.

As the orangutans grow older, they get bored with the unchanging fruit and milk diet. The more adventurous ones then start going deeper into the forest to look for other fruit, leaves, or bark.

Once on their own in the wild, they rarely return. Then the keepers' job is done.

I was happy with the work the Sepilok Centre was doing. I wished the gentle and playful orangutans a silent good-bye and took the bus back to Sandakan.

Things to Make



Lamb and Lion

By Agnes Maddy

There is an old saying about March weather. It is said the days of March can begin like a lamb and go out like a lion or the other way around. Here are your own lamb and lion to make. With them, you can follow the weather for the month of March.

The Lamb: Cut a piece about 2½ inches long from a small cardboard tube. Roll a 4-inch-wide piece of black paper, and insert it into one end of the tube with about 1½ inches of it sticking out. Crease the paper and cut out the shape of a head. Glue the sides together. Cut a slit and insert paper

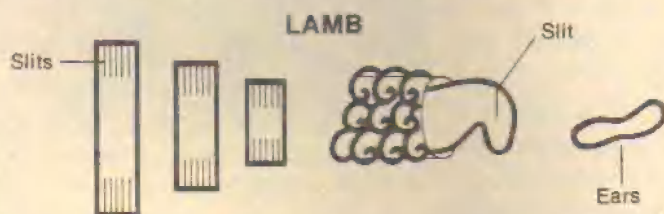
ears with glue. Paint on the eyes.

Roll four ½-inch-wide pieces of black paper very tightly for the legs. Poke four holes in the tube and insert the legs, adding glue to hold them in place.

Cut a piece of white paper the same length as the lamb's body. Make it long enough to go over the body and hang down. Cut two more sheets of paper, but make each one a little shorter than the last. Cut slits at the ends of each piece as shown. Curl the slits by rolling them over a pencil. Glue the curled sheets of paper to the body so the curls are turned under. Glue on the longest sheet of paper first and the shortest sheet last.

The Lion: Cut a piece of yellow paper the same width as a small cardboard tube, and fold it in half. Draw and cut the body and legs as shown. Glue them to the tube. Add strips of yellow paper to the inside of the legs so the lion will stand easily.

Draw and cut out a circle of yellow paper, slightly larger than the open end of the tube. Then glue the yellow circle onto a larger circle cut from brown paper. With a pair of scissors, cut to the center of the circles. Shape the circles into a cone, and glue the overlapping edges together. Cut slits in the brown paper and curl them around a pencil for a mane. Add paper ears, and paint on a face. Poke in broom straws around the lion's nose for whiskers.



A Funny Storybook

By Edna Harrington

Cut out ten pictures from old magazines. Take five pieces of construction paper and glue one picture on each side. Leave room under each picture to glue a 4-by-6-inch piece of white paper. Write a story from one picture to the next.

Make a front and back cover for your book from construction paper. Write the title on the front cover with markers or crayons.

Holding the pages in order, punch holes on the left side. Glue on paper reinforcements, and tie pieces of yarn through the holes to keep the book together.





Bird on a Nest

By Matthew Stockton

Cut a cup section from a cardboard egg carton. Spread glue around the outside of the cup. Press the end of a piece of yarn into the glue, and wind the yarn around the cup.

Wash and dry an uncooked egg. Gently poke a small hole at one end of the egg and a slightly larger hole at the other end. Insert a toothpick into the larger hole to break the yolk. Hold the egg over a bowl, and blow into the smaller hole to force the egg white and yolk out the other end. Rinse the eggshell with water.

Glue pieces of yellow yarn for straw inside the nest. Paint the eggshell. When it dries, break off pieces of the shell to make it half the size. Add features cut from paper, and glue the bird inside the nest.

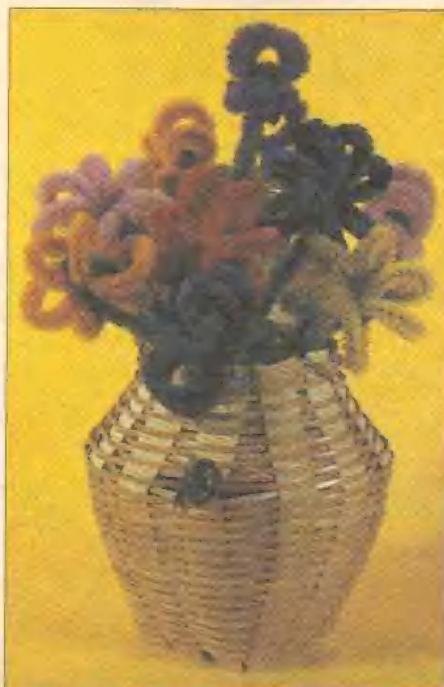
Chenille-Stick Flowers

By Ruth Dougherty

For each flower, wrap a colorful chenille stick around a pencil loosely, making coils. Slip the coiled stick off the pencil.

Insert a green chenille stick through the coiled center as a stem, and twist the end tightly around the coils to hold the flower in place. Spread the coils evenly to form the flower.

Place the flowers in a small container, or use them to decorate a gift package.



St. Patrick's Day Horseshoe

By Twilla Lamm

Make a horseshoe from poster board. Decorate it with markers as shown. Dot glue on the written message and the drawn shamrocks with a small paintbrush. Then sprinkle glitter over them.

Cut out a shamrock shape from poster board and decorate it with markers. Add glue and glitter.

Punch holes with a paper punch and tie small pieces of yarn to connect the horseshoe and the shamrock.

Be sure to wash the glue out of your paintbrush when finished.

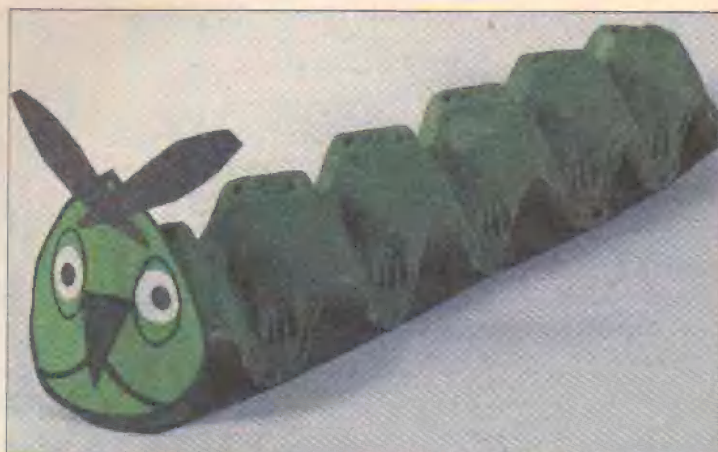
Egg-Carton Caterpillar

By Helen Jeffries

Cut the bottom of an egg carton in half. The long, six-cup section will be the body of the caterpillar. To make the legs, cut a small section from both sides of each cup.

Paint the outside with green poster paint and let it dry. Glue the body to a piece of black paper. After it has dried in place, trim around the edge of the caterpillar with scissors.

Cut the head from green paper and draw on features with a marker. Make the antennae from black paper and glue them to the head.



LOOK

ILLUSTRATE FOR HIGHLIGHTS!

HI, KIDS!

We have a poem that needs to be illustrated, and I'm giving you the job! In the July-August 1991 issue we printed some fantastic drawings for the poem "Greedy Dog." I'm asking you to help us out again, this time with the poem "Catch a Little Rhyme."

HERE'S WHAT TO DO:

1. Illustrate "Catch a Little Rhyme," shown below. Illustrate any part of it that you want. Be imaginative. Think of the funny things that happen to you!
2. Do your illustration in full color. Bright colors are the best.
3. Do your art on an 8½-by-11-inch sheet of **unlined** paper (about the size of a HIGHLIGHTS page).
4. Write the title of your picture, your name, age, and complete address (including street and number, city, state or province, and Zip Code) at the bottom or side of the paper (not on the back).
5. **Your deadline:** I must receive your illustrations by March 20, 1992.
6. Send your art to "**Poem Illustration**," **Rosanne Guararra, Art Director**, HIGHLIGHTS FOR CHILDREN, 803 Church Street, Honesdale, PA 18431.

—And have fun! In a few months HIGHLIGHTS will publish some of your illustrations. Thanks!

Sincerely,

Rosanne Guararra

Rosanne Guararra
Art Director

CATCH A LITTLE RHYME

Once upon a time
I caught a little rhyme

I set it on the floor
but it ran right out the door

I chased it on my bicycle
but it melted to an icicle

I scooped it up in my hat
but it turned into a cat

I caught it by the tail
but it stretched into a whale

I followed it in a boat
but it changed into a goat

When I fed it tin and paper
it became a tall skyscraper



Then it grew into a kite
and flew far out of sight . . .

Eve Merriam


HAVE FUN!


The Letter





By Judith Ross Enderle


All day  Rabbit sat by the hollow  log.


"Come and play by the  pond," said  Frog and  Duck.


"No," said  Rabbit. "I'm waiting."


"What are you waiting for?" asked  Frog.


"I'm waiting for a letter," said  Rabbit. "The  boy who comes to the  pond said he waited for a letter. He said his letter came. His  grandmother sent it to him."



"What letter are you waiting for?" asked  Duck.

"I'm waiting for R," said  Rabbit.

"I would like a letter F," said  Frog.

"I would like a letter D," said  Duck.

"You have to wait," said  Rabbit.

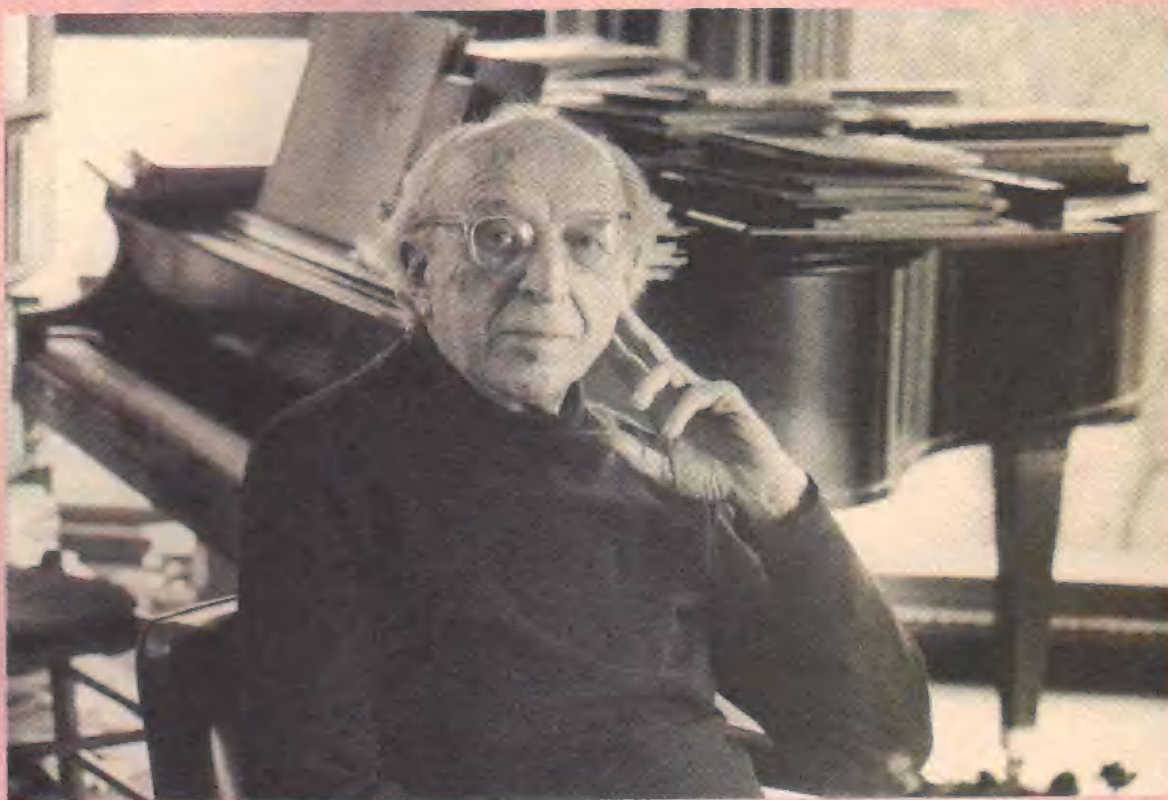
"We can wait together," said  Frog and  Duck.

And they did.



Rural Pennsylvania is the setting for Aaron Copland's ballet *Appalachian Spring*. He won a Pulitzer Prize for its music.

Copland spent over half his life composing. He died in 1990 at the age of ninety.



Copland wanted people to
listen to his music—and
then judge it.

By Peter Jacobi

Aaron Copland

Summer 1938. The American composer had been working on his ballet score, *Billy the Kid*, in Paris, of all places. In Paris he listened to all those cowboy songs differently. There he found something fresh in "Git Along, Little Dogies" and "The Old Chisholm

Trail" and "Good-bye, Old Paint" and "The Dying Cowboy." And around them he created in music, very American music, the story of a teenage bandit who bragged that he killed twenty-one men.

Aaron Copland saved the orchestration for New England and a

cool cottage in the woods. September 1938. The premiere was scheduled for Chicago in less than a month. And one night, at a crucial time, a hurricane came, and with it a flood that turned the pine woods into "a desolate war-torn swamp." Eventually he managed to return to his cabin and luckily found his music safe.

Billy the Kid was finished in time and quickly became a triumph. So much so that his mother looked at her 37-year-old son and told him that the money spent on his piano lessons hadn't been wasted.

He himself was sure of that earlier, in 1925, when a famous

conductor of the time agreed to perform Copland's organ symphony in a concert hall near New York's Times Square. The young Copland was late for rehearsal.

"I was in such a hurry to get into the hall," he recalled, that instead of going through the stage entrance, "I yanked open the front door of the main hall. Suddenly, I got a blast of my own orchestration. It was a moment I shall never forget. I was overwhelmed." All those brasses and percussions sounded so "glorious," much grander than he had thought they would.

For that first performance there also was much applause. The conductor pointed to the box in which the composer was sitting and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, I'm sure you will agree that if a gifted young man can write a symphony like that at twenty-four, within five years he will be ready to commit murder." It was the conductor's way of explaining that American music was changing.

He did not commit musical murder, but he certainly experimented, trying everything from music steeped in folk songs to complicated 12-tone compositions. And as he wrote, he became the best-known American composer of classical music. That's because he not only composed, but he played the piano and he conducted and he taught and he traveled the land in behalf of music and musicians. He wrote for the concert hall and the opera house and the ballet, and for film and radio and television.

It was his talent to recreate America in music that caused people to listen. It was his talent to inspire that caused people to appreciate him.

His beginnings were not promising for music. "I was born on a

street in Brooklyn," he once wrote, "that can only be described as drab. It had none of the garish color of the ghetto, none of the charm of an old New England thoroughfare, or even the rawness of a pioneer street. It was simply drab." He expressed wonder that a musician could have been born on that street.

But he studied music, near home at first and then in Paris, where he learned about the tones and rhythms of Debussy and Ravel and Stravinsky.

The most important influence, however, was his homeland: *Billy the Kid*, *Appalachian Spring*, *Rodeo*, and *Lincoln Portrait*, a 13-minute work for speaker and orchestra that he composed to lift the spirit of the American people during the dark days of World War II. Its first performance in Washington, D.C., featured the poet Carl Sandburg, a Lincoln scholar. The date was July 4 in 1942, the site, a barge in the Potomac River with the Lincoln Memorial in the background. The shoreline was filled with thousands of people. When it was over: not a sound; no applause. Sandburg thought it was a flop. It wasn't. People were so moved that they remained silent.

Most times, though, audiences applaud Copland's music.

He didn't expect applause, but he did hope people would listen.

"Listening is a talent," said Copland, like writing or doing math or playing volleyball. And in the case of music, he added, people are better listeners than they think.

It takes good listening to say, "I may not understand that music, but I'm willing to give it a try." And also to say, "I was willing to listen and like it, but I don't because . . ."

The "because" can be any sort of reason, from "There's no melody I can hear" to "The melody is too sweet and gushy for me."

Copland wrote for that kind of listener, not for the professional musician who's been trained, but the rest of us music lovers who haven't. Why? Because charts and guides and lessons are not the way to music; the "floodlight of one's own imagination," as he called it, is.

If you're willing to "lend yourself to the power of music," said Copland, then you're the listener he wanted to capture.

In a long lifetime of composition Aaron Copland reached millions of such listeners.

Dancers swing to the lively music of Copland's ballet *Billy the Kid*.



With a little help from nature, you can perform

BEAN MAGIC

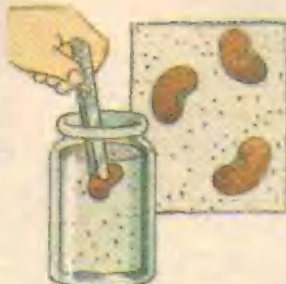
By Barbara Midgley

You will need:

- a glass jar with a wide mouth (a peanut butter jar will do nicely)
- white paper towels
- five dried beans
- a pair of tweezers
- water



1. Find a glass jar with a wide mouth. Fold several white paper towels in half. Roll them into a cylinder and dampen them with water. Place them in the jar. They should be wet enough to spread along the sides of the jar.



2. Very carefully place five beans, evenly spaced, between the jar wall and the paper towels. (Use blunt-edge tweezers if you have them.) Notice that each bean has a groove. Try to place the beans with their grooves facing in different directions.



3. Set the jar where it can get plenty of sun. Make sure to keep the paper towels damp. Now you're ready to watch nature perform one of its best magic tricks.



4. In about a week, your beans will sprout roots. A few days later, they will grow shoots, or stems. And just like magic, the roots will always grow downward and the shoots will rise upward—no matter which way the groove is facing.



NATURE'S SECRET

Scientists are still trying to find out why plants' roots and shoots have such a good sense of direction. Some scientific experiments compare plants growing on earth to plants growing in space, where there is almost no gravity.

Remember, if you want *your* beans to flower and grow, you will need to plant them in soil.

Jokes

Selected by Our Readers

Tourist: "Can you give me a room and bath?"

Hotel clerk: "I can give you a room, but you'll have to take your own bath!"

Brian Kirkbride—Washington

Father: "How do you get Sonny up in the mornings?"

Mother: "I just put the cat on his bed."

Father: "How does that get him up?"

Mother: "Sonny sleeps with the dog!"

Jackie Dent—Kansas

John: "My dad just bought me a jay."

Wyatt: "A blue jay?"

John: "No. It's a happy one."

John Jacobs—Pennsylvania

Doctor: "Did you ask the patient his name so we can notify his family?"

Nurse: "He says his family already knows his name."

Jaime Smith—Minnesota

Jill: "Please stop reaching across the table. Don't you have a tongue?"

Jack: "Yes, but my arms are longer!"

Javier Moreno—California

Jolena: "I know someone who whistles while he works."

Ted: "Is he that happy?"

Jolena: "Not really. He's a traffic officer."

Meredith Bruyere—Texas

Send the funniest joke or the best riddle you ever heard, with your name, age, and full address (street and number, city or town, state or province, and Zip Code), to:

HIGHLIGHTS FOR CHILDREN
803 Church Street
Honesdale, PA 18431

What's Missing?

What seems to be missing from each of these pictures?



A



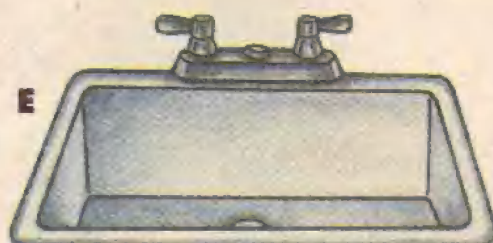
B



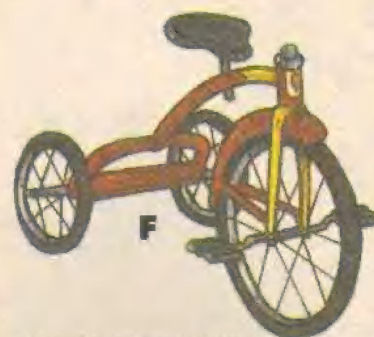
C



D



E



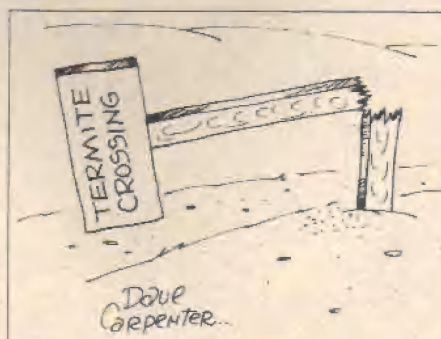
F

Answers on page 42.

Out of Sight

Which of these objects have you seen today? Which might you see before the day ends? Which will you probably not see?

| | |
|-----------|---------------|
| newspaper | sun |
| apple | toothbrush |
| telescope | pyramid |
| truck | dog |
| snow | telephone |
| bowl | postage stamp |



Dave Carpenter



"I'll talk to you later. Someone else might need to use the phone."



Moonbeam Soup

By Tricia Gardella

Possum was thirsty. She headed for the water hole just as the sun was setting. Raccoon was already there. What was he doing?

Possum watched quietly as Raccoon sprinkled pebbles across the water, swished it with a willow branch, and took a sip. "Not yet," he said.

Fox arrived and sat down beside Possum. They watched together as Raccoon piled stones in the shallow

water, first on one side, then the other. Raccoon gave a stir, took a sip, and said, "Not yet."

By now Deer and her fawn had wandered down. They stared while Raccoon floated maple leaves on the water, one by one. He gave another swish, took a sip, and said, "Not quite."

Skunk waddled into view and was soon caught up in the drama. Raccoon cast a handful of grass onto the

Best Chummy Guide



water's surface. Again he stirred and tasted. "Almost," he said.

By now Lynx and Badger had joined the group. Even Beaver had climbed up onto his lodge for a better view. Everyone's eyes were on Raccoon.

Raccoon looked up. Then he began to stir furiously as the moon climbed into the sky and shot its silver beams onto the rippling pond. Soon Raccoon stopped and took another sip.

"That's it," he said. "Now it's ready.

Come on, everyone."

Suddenly the spell was broken. All the animals again remembered their thirst. They stepped to the water hole and drank deeply.

Something was different. The water had never tasted so good. So sweet and pure.

"You know, this just might be the best batch of moonbeam soup I've ever thrown together," Raccoon said.

And all the animals agreed.

Our Own Pages



A Loon

*Cara Fisher, Age 14
Westbrook, Minnesota*

The Forest

The rivers flow freely,
The trees grow tall,
And the flowers are beautiful,
And the mushrooms are small.
Birds fly high,
In the sky.
Squirrels are happy,
And climb through trees.
The birds are glad,
And so are the bees.

Timmy Liao, Age 9
Waianae, Hawaii



Raccoon

*Karen MacAlpine, Age 7
Waverley, Nova Scotia*



Do the Moon Walk

Larry Douglas, Age 11
Barrington, New Hampshire

My Night Poem

Lay me down
With the night
So sweet,
Wake me up with
A morning "tweet."

*Tyler Donahue, Age 5
New Milford, Connecticut*



Riding down the Hill

Mitchell Barr, Age 6
Rhodelia, Kentucky

Quiet Memories

Silent singing
Quiet harp
Still tapping of feet
Put away
In a corner
Never to be forgotten.
Dust may cover,
Rust destroy,
Mold overtake,
But memories can last
Can last on, forever.

Where has the singing gone?
What happened to the harp?
The feet, tapping so loudly,
Are gone.
Never come,
Never will,
But memories can last,
Can last on, forever.

Joanne Hammer, Age 12
Indianapolis, Indiana



Our House

*Dimitri Vaisius, Age 8
Flatrock, Newfoundland*

The Midnight Star

It flew through the air, shooshing and whooshing. It never stopped flying, it kept on going. It was a very pretty sight. It was a very beautiful night. It was a shooting star.

Brandy Barnfield, Age 10
Hutchins, Texas

The Things I Could Be When I Grow Up

I wish I were a doctor, 'cause if I were a doctor, I could operate.
I wish I were an astronaut, 'cause if I were an astronaut, I could go in a spaceship.
I wish I were a farmer, 'cause if I were a farmer, I could lead the animals.
I wish I were a parachuter, 'cause if I were a parachuter, I could dive out of
the sky-y-y-y-y-y-y-y-y-y-y.

Tony Rizzo, Age 4
Lajes do Pico, Azores



The Cheerleader

Erin Thornton, Age 10
Havelock, North Carolina



Best Friends Forever

Christy Abbott, Age 11
Deland, Florida

Mountains and Colors

Red and orange sunset, beautiful.
Yellow grasses, tall and graceful.
Green pines, smelling cozy.
Blue sky, shining down.
Purple lilacs, budding happily.
The rainbow of nature.

Helen Phillips, Age 9
Golden, Colorado



Maya Thobaben, Age 5
Menomonie, Wisconsin

Trees in the Wind

Have you ever seen
A tree in the wind?
In a big field
Lying on the grass
The wind on your face
Feels like cotton.
Tree leaves move,
Some fall to the ground
Like raindrops coming down.
When the wind blows
And birds start to sing
It sounds like music
And feels like magic.
It is fun
And full of magic,
When you are in a field
With trees in the wind.

Eric Adams, Age 10
Fort Smith, Arkansas



Emperor and Empress

Sarah Grittmann, Age 9
Iwakuni, Japan

I am the hay barn,
cool on hot summer days,
warm in the winter.
I am the rope swings,
the alfalfa,
the sweet smelling hay.
The dark secret hideout
where kids love to play!
Kittens are born in the
springtime!
I am their home.
Mews of kittens,
whinnies of colts,
moos of cows.
I am the hay barn
on Fox Run Farm.

Molly Reagan, Age 8
Red Oak, Iowa



The Cowboy with a Donkey

Rachel Higgins, Age 7
Olathe, Kansas



Nolan Ryan's No-hitter

Daniel McAleese, Age 7
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania



Flowers All around Us

Lindsay Lenkensdofor, Age 9
Budapest, Hungary

Yesterday's Recess

Yesterday's recess I was slippin' and slidin' and dyin'
And everybody was flyin'!

And everybody was bumpin'
And jumpin'.

The kids slice
The ice
All over the playground.

Then when you go in with wet feet
It is not a treat!

Then put away your coat
And you warm up your throat!

Jared Slater, Age 7
Dublin, Ohio



Massimo D'Angelo, Age 5
East Brunswick, New Jersey

I Played Peace

I had a dove.
I played with it.
I put a circle of reeds and
leaves around its head.
It had a triangle of lights.
They were glowing bright.
I played peace.
Then soldiers came.
They played a game, but
they played war.
I went back to mine.
I played peace.

Colin McGurk, Age 8
New York, New York

Butterfly

I will be your friend.
I will be your friend.
I am a butterfly.
I am a butterfly that likes to
stand up for you.
I am a butterfly with wings.
I will be your friend.
Caitlin Holliday, Age 6
Kalispell, Montana

St. Patrick's Day

I look at the
four-leaf clover.
In Chicago,
In a garden,
In a boat,
In the water,
I see a four-leaf clover.

I look at the
fish in the water.
They are green.
What a scene.

So, have some fun.
Anywhere you look,
You know it must be
St. Patrick's Day.

Byron Mattheussen, Age 6
Rincon, Georgia



On a Bright Sunny Day

Celestine Macapagal, Age 12
Gingoog City, Philippines

Dew

The cool
blue
dew on
the summer
grass
washes the face
of
the earth.

Brook DeLorme, Age 11
Cumberland, Maine

Are you thinking of sending a story, poem, or black-and-white drawing to Our Own Pages? Be sure that it is your very own creation, and that you haven't seen or heard it somewhere else. Include your name, age, and complete address (street or box number, city or town, state or province, and Zip Code). Mail to:

HIGHLIGHTS FOR CHILDREN
803 Church Street
Honesdale, PA 18431

We will print some of the poems and drawings from our readers. Sorry, we cannot return any work that is sent to us.

Jiggla-Sniggla

“You’ll never guess what I’m sending you this year!” Jill read eagerly from the letter covered with colorful stamps. Stamps like that could only come from Aunt Tessie. “Much better than last year’s present,” the letter went on. “Much, *much* better.”

Last year’s present from Aunt Tessie’s yearly globe-trot had caused Jill to be banned from the school lunchroom for six weeks. The Mexican jumping beans had chased each other through fifty-nine bowls of alphabet soup. Cafeteria workers were still picking e’s and x’s off the ceiling.

And what about the year before *that*? Jill would never forget the tiny whistle that only caterpillars could hear. She had warned Mel, the class bully who grabbed it from her, but of course he’d blown it anyway. Jill hadn’t known that caterpillars came in so many colors. The ones crawling in and out of Mel’s ears had actually been pink.

Now she eyed the package that had arrived with the letter. “I wonder what it is,” she said to her mother nervously.

“Unusual,” Aunt Tessie’s letter

**Aunt Tessie called
her gift “unusual.”
The family found
it unspeakable.**

By Janet S. Anderson

continued. “Most unusual. From the tiniest island in the South Seas, where a band of singing monkeys croons ‘Found a Peanut’ over and over. I almost went mad. But finding this was worth it. Just read the directions first and you’ll love it!”

But when Jill opened the box she didn’t see any directions. All she saw was an ordinary seashell, the kind you hold to your ear to hear the ocean. Jill picked it up, not noticing the tiny slip of paper that fluttered to the floor. She turned the shell over and held it up to her ear. For a moment there was silence. Then “shishka bob a bob bob,” it sang in a pleasant tinkle.

Jill laughed. “Shishka bob a bob bob,” she repeated and waved the shell at her mother. “Shishka bob a bob bob.”

“What?” asked her mother as she held the shell to her own ear. Then she smiled. “Shaza gob a moo moo,” she said. Dancing a little, she sang it again. “Shaza gob a moo moo.”

“Shishka bob a bob bob,” sang Jill.

“Shaza gob a moo moo,” sang her mother. Then she danced over to the door. “Shaza gob a moo moo,” she trilled, and Jill’s father appeared.

“What’s going on?” he asked.

“Shishka bob a bob bob,” sang Jill, pointing at the shell.

He smiled. “I haven’t listened to a seashell for years.” He held it to his ear. A puzzled look came into his eyes. “Yora gora stink blink,” he said. His look turned to dismay. “Yora gora stink blink.”

“Shaza gob a moo moo,” sang his wife.

“Shishka bob a bob bob,” sang Jill. She began pawing through the empty box. Her mother began poring over the letter. Her father held the shell to his nose, studying it inch by square inch.

“Shishka bob a bob bob.”

“Shaza gob a moo moo.”

“Yora gora stink blink.”





The directions were nowhere to be found.

The telephone rang. They danced around and around it before Jill finally picked it up. "Hello," said a familiar impatient voice. It was her father's boss from the office. "Hello?"

"Shishka bob a bob bob," sang Jill as politely as can be. She handed her father the receiver. He stared into it helplessly.

"Hello?" the impatient voice repeated. "Who's there? Hello?"

"Yora gora stink blink," whispered Jill's father.

"What?" the voice shouted. "I'm a what? What did you call me?"

"Yora gora stink blink," Jill's father moaned into his boss's ear and then sadly hung up the phone. He dropped the shell onto the table. It rolled to the floor and Jill bobbed over to pick it up. Underneath it was a tiny slip of paper. She grabbed it.

Jiggla-sniggla breaks the spell, it read.

"Shishka bob a bob bob!" she shouted, showing her parents the paper. They ran into the den

where six-year-old Jason was watching TV. Jill shoved the words under his nose.

"Shishka bob a bob bob," she pleaded.

"Shaza gob a moo moo."

"Yora gora stink blink."

Jason stared at his dancing family. Then he looked at the paper as they all held their breath. He had just learned to read. Could he? Could he?

He frowned. "What is this?" They danced encouragingly. "Ji . . . jig . . . gla . . .," he sounded slowly. "Sni . . . snig . . . gla . . . This is dumb."

But it was enough. "Oh," Jill sighed and sank onto the couch.

"Oh," sighed her mother and sank down with her. Her father

said nothing. He just raced for the phone.

"What's this?" said Jason. Before Jill could stop him, he'd grabbed the shell and put it to his ear. He listened. "Squishy mushy slush slush," he told them happily and began to dance around the room.

Jill put the paper carefully in her pocket. Tomorrow . . . school . . . Mel. Yes, Mel could see the shell first. Then she'd share it with some of his friends. In social studies class. Yes. Social studies would be the perfect place to share a special shell from the South Seas. Just for a few minutes at the end of the period.

Jiggla-sniggla.

She could hardly wait.



Science Letters

Answered by Jack Myers, Science Editor



A Fresh Idea

Shouldn't people use salt water instead of fresh water for their toilets? If we save fresh water for our real needs, it will last longer.

Venus Kennedy—Tacoma, Washington

You are right that we need to find ways to conserve our fresh water. And you are right that there's a lot of salt water out there in the oceans. I guess the main problem in using your idea is that most people in our country live a long way from the ocean. Pumping salt water so far would be very expensive and would take a lot of energy. Even for cities right on the seacoast, it would be a problem to build and maintain two different water systems.

Fortunately, water is not like oil or coal, which are gone forever once we use them. Our earth has a great system of evaporating water from the oceans and then letting it fall as rain. Nature keeps making more fresh water all the time.

Our problem is that in some places people are trying to use fresh water faster than nature makes it for us. We need to conserve and use it more carefully.

Twins

I liked the article "How Sniffers Differ." Do identical twins have the same fingerprints?

Ben Ambler
Worcester, Massachusetts

I wasn't sure about an answer, so I asked my friend Eldon Sutton, who studies human genetics. Here's what I learned.

Identical twins have fingerprints very much alike in their patterns, but usually with small differences that can be recognized. This is not too surprising if you also consider that the fingers of your two hands are likely to have small differences.

If this leads you to wonder why identical twins aren't quite identical, think of it this way. Suppose you had two identical copies of plans for a house. And suppose you gave them to different builders to build two houses. You know those houses would be very much alike. But you also understand that there would likely be some small differences by which you could tell the houses apart. Identical twins start out



with identical inherited programs. They end up very much alike, but with small differences in the way the programs were carried out.

Ben, I would like to compliment you on a very thoughtful question. You knew two "facts" that didn't match. People are identified by their fingerprints, and that must mean that no two people have fingerprints exactly alike. But identical twins are supposed to be the same. So how can both "facts" be true?

You recognized what we call an *anomaly*, two conflicting ideas. Science is made out of ideas that fit together. Sometimes the fit isn't perfect and sometimes we can see places where there are anomalies. The job of a scientist is to improve our understanding of nature so that our ideas fit together more perfectly.



Life on the Moon

Some people say that there are no living things on the moon, but I think the astronauts left living things there.

Sylvia Huang—New Rochelle, New York

I think you are right that the astronauts, even though they tried to be very clean, must have left some bacteria on the surface of the moon.

One reason to suppose that there is no life on the moon is that it's not a very friendly place for life. Temperatures change from way below zero at night to over 100 degrees Celsius in full sunlight. There isn't any water, and there's no air. So it's likely that any bacteria the astronauts took to the moon have long since died out.

Riddles

Selected by Our Readers

1. Why don't mother kangaroos like it when it rains?

Kelejo Stephenson—Wisconsin

2. What did the shy pebble say?

Robin Hamilton—Texas

3. What are the strongest days of the week?

Carolyn Cremen—Nevada

4. What flies but never goes anywhere?

Brian McClelland—Alabama

5. How does a firefly start a race?

Daniel Lazar—Maryland

6. What did the cloud say to the banker?

Becky Schuessler—Missouri

7. What cap do you wear and never take off?

Ralph Kolasa—Illinois

8. What has ears but can't hear?

John Wright—California

9. The more you take away from me, the bigger I get. What am I?

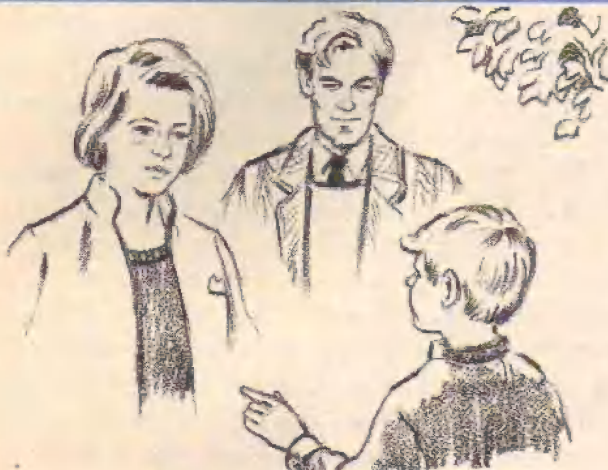
Stacy Heilman—Pennsylvania

10. How long should your legs be?

Jessica Carter—Kansas

Answers:
1. Because their babies have to play inside. 2. "I wish I were a little boulder." 3. Saturday and Sunday. The rest are weekdays. 4. A flag. 5. "On your mark, get set, GLOW!" 6. "I'll just take a raincheck." 7. A kneecap. 8. Corn on the cob. 9. A hole. 10. Long enough to reach the ground.

Goofus and Gallant



"Why do you come to our house so much?"



Gallant makes his parents' friends feel welcome.



Goofus leaves without helping to put things away.



"I have to go soon. Should we clean up now?"

Levi's Dilemma

The youngest Strauss brother turned a few rolls of canvas into a national institution.

By Marguerite Lewis

Levi Strauss peeked in his pack and sighed. They were still there, all those rolls of canvas, lined up like soldiers. Now that he had arrived at San Francisco, thousands of miles from home, he wasn't sure he could sell them.

What would his brothers say? Levi was the last brother to leave the family home in Bavaria, Germany. His brothers had moved to New York City, where they started a dry goods shop. In

California miners asked Levi for durable, comfortable pants. His work won him fame across the countryside.

1847, when he was 18, Levi crossed the ocean to join them.

Levi quickly learned English, and peddled his brothers' merchandise around the city. Soon he journeyed south, to Kentucky, selling as he went. Settlers and miners liked the young salesman, and Levi soon made his brothers proud.

But here he was in California, where the rivers sparkled with gold, or so they said. There was a run on Sutter's Mill,

near San Francisco, and Levi's brothers had sent him with a pack full of goods to sell to the miners. But he sold most of his merchandise to passengers on his ship. By the time he reached the California coast, all he had left was the canvas.

Levi approached an old miner and offered him rolls of canvas for his tent. "I don't need a tent," said the miner. "What I need is pants that won't wear out. Look at the holes in these pants."



Levi looked instead at the rolls of stiff, strong canvas. "I'll make you a pair of pants that won't wear out," he said, "if you will promise to buy them." The miner agreed.

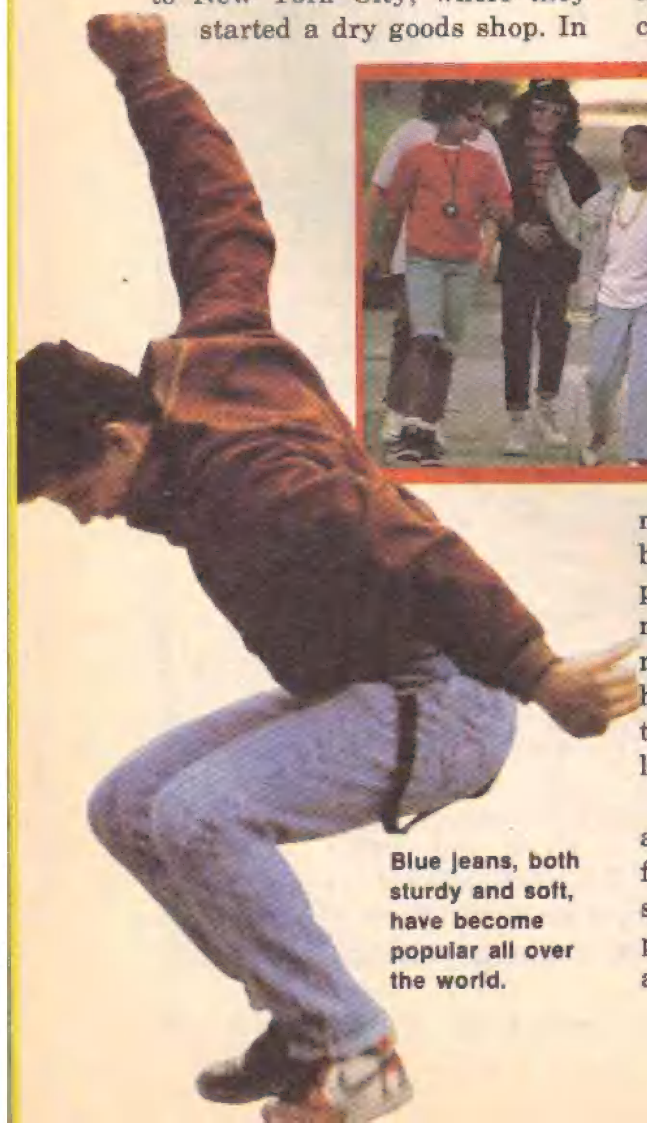
Levi took the canvas to a tailor, who stitched together a pair of sturdy waist-high overalls. The miner boasted to his friends about "Levi's pants." Word of the pants spread through the countryside. Soon Levi Strauss had used all his canvas.

A few years later Strauss decided to make more pants. Instead of using canvas, he chose soft, white denim. Since white pants stained easily, he would have to use a dye. Strauss chose indigo, a well-known and cheap blue dye made in India.

The jeans were so successful that soon Strauss was making shirts, jackets, and other clothing. His wholesale business in San Francisco grew into one of the world's largest clothing manufacturers. Today the company is run by Strauss's great-great-grandnephew, Robert Haas. Levi Strauss's brothers would be proud.



Blue jeans, both sturdy and soft, have become popular all over the world.

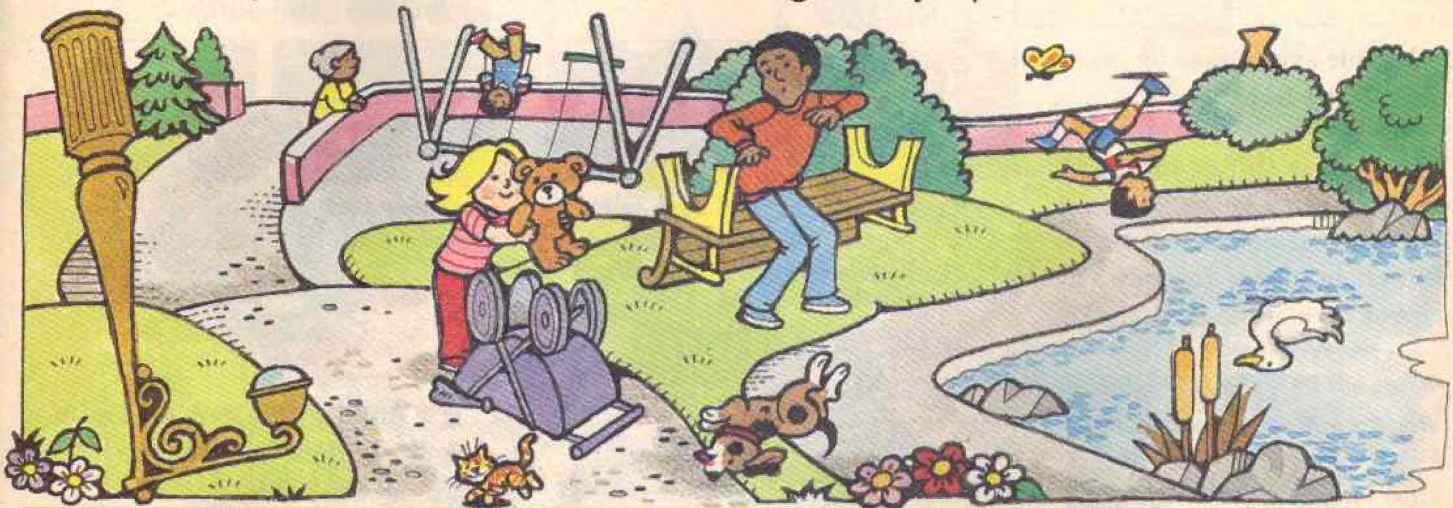


For Wee Folks

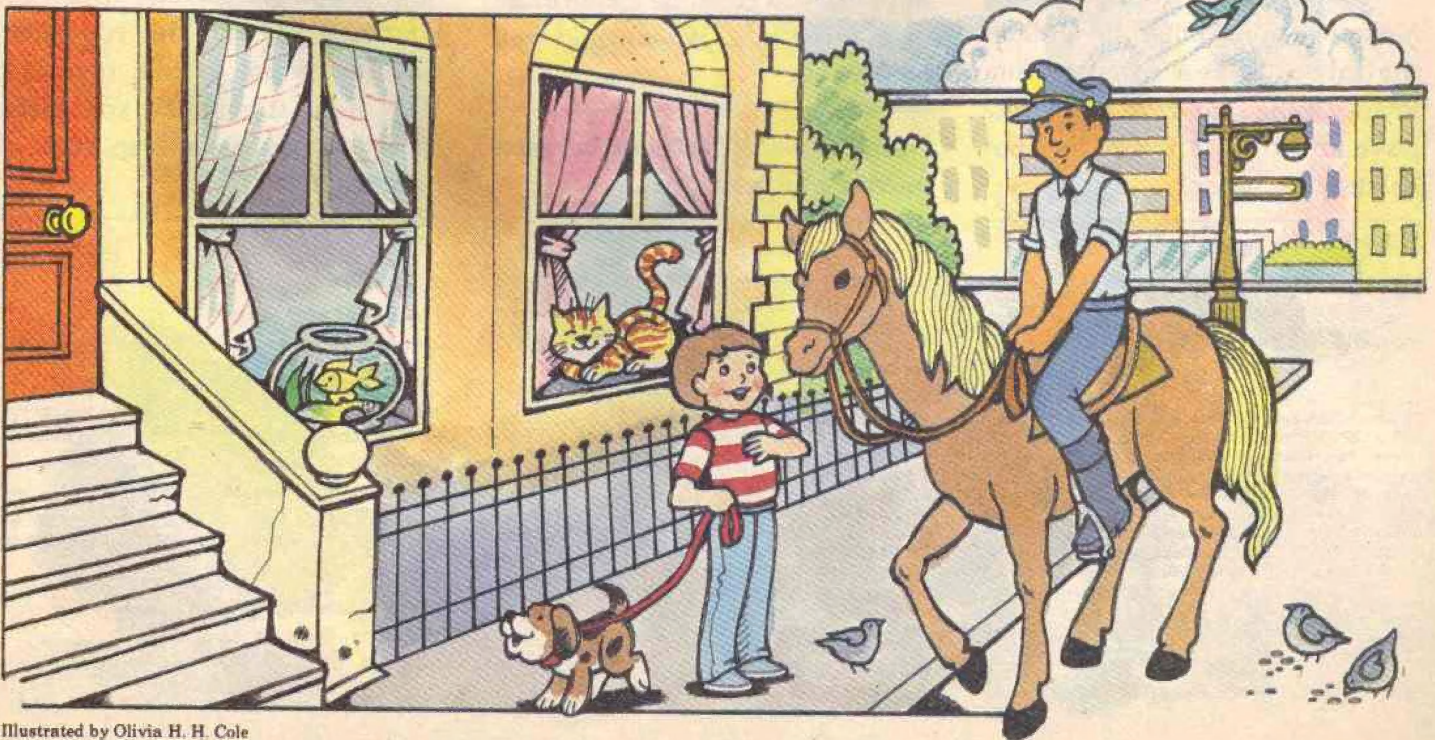
What happened first? What happened next? Next? Last?



Which are upside down? Which are the right way up?



Which of these creatures can run? Swim? Fly?



Headwork

Start at the beginning and see how far you can go, thinking of good answers from your own head.



Reach toward the sky.

Which is softer, a pillow or your cheeks?

Are your eyes closer to your nose or to your feet?

Name some things in your room that are round.

Which is easier to chew, a raw carrot or a piece of bread?

What could make a dog feel good? What could make it feel bad?

How can you tell if you've had enough to eat?

Moka looked through the mail on the table. "Here's a letter from France," she said. How might she have known that if she had not opened the letter?

Illustrated by Jody Taylor

Where does your neck start?

What are some words that rhyme with *cheese*?

If you were the wind, where would you want to go?



Cover one eye. Why don't you see only half as much as with both eyes?

Without looking from his window, Jamie knew the neighbors had cut their lawn. How could he have known?



Suppose you could be a character in a fairy tale. Who would you be? Why?

Name some differences between movies and real life.



Why do some animals hibernate in winter? Do birds hibernate? Do fish?

How does the post office know where to send letters?



If a snail and a turtle were in a race, which one do you think would win? Why?

"I'll tell you a secret," whispers your new friend. "But you have to promise not to tell anyone." How does this make you feel? Would you always keep such a promise?

ANSWERS:

"More or Less" (page 15)

There are two more crayons than pieces of chalk.

"The Tooth of the Matter" (page 15)

Walk to the other side of the table and look at the Roman numeral equation upside down; it will read $II=III-I$, which means $2=3-1$, a true equation.

By taking one toothpick from the equal sign and placing it under the minus sign, you will change the minus into an equal sign. The Roman numeral equation is true: $I=III-II$, or $1=3-2$.

"What's Missing?" (page 31)

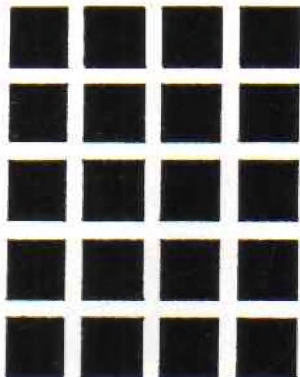
A. handle B. hands C. strings
D. water E. faucet F. handlebars

Covers: *The River Race* and *What's Wrong?*
by John O'Brien

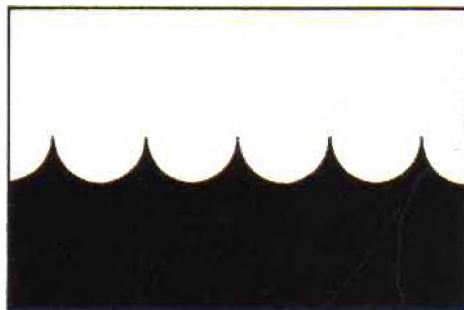
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by Anthony Accardo, Character Spot by Sal Murdocca. Verse credits: page 6: "People" from *Everything Glistens and Everything Sings* by Charlotte Zolotow (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1987). Copyright © 1987 by Charlotte Zolotow. Reprinted by permission of the author; 26: "Catch a Little Rhyme" from *JAMBOREE Rhymes for All Times* by Eve Merriam. Copyright © 1962, 1964, 1966, 1973, 1984 by Eve Merriam. Reprinted by permission of Marian Reiner for the author.

Do You See What I See?



Do the white lines seem to have spots on them wherever they cross?



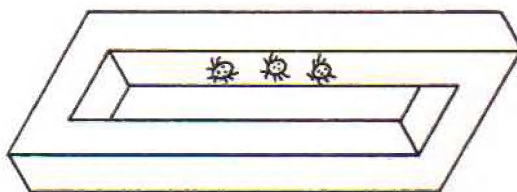
What does this look like to you?
A curtain over a dark stage?
Or maybe a row of circus tents?



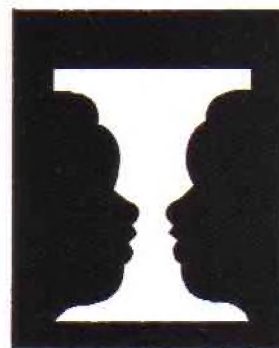
Are these just lines? Or do you see a letter of the alphabet?



Which tree looks the tallest?
Is it really tallest?



Are the ladybugs crawling on the inside? Or on the outside?



Is this a picture of a vase? Or do you see something else?

Illustrated by Jan Pyk



What's Wrong?

How many things can you find wrong in this picture?

